

# ONE CENT CAPITAL

Penny Token Left by Will Brings Great and Unexpected Mineral Riches.

By MILDRED CAROLINE GOODRIDGE.

"And to my second nephew, Ronald Blair, as a reminder of his remarkable powers of memory, I leave the munificent sum of one penny. As he has seen fit to imitate my peculiarities in private, so may he copy my diligence, beginning life on one cent capital, which is more than I had at the start, and making his own way in the world."

The legatee in question listened to the slow, measured tones of Lawyer Jones like one in a dream. The reader of the last will and testament of Jephthah Blair, stern, practical man as he was, cast a mournful and sympathetic look at the young man. He liked Blair immensely, as did every one else in the town, unless it was Hugh Telford, seated also in the apartment. He smiled viciously and triumphantly. He was safe ashore while Ronald was floundering in dark waters. The "Blair Plat" was to be given to Telford, together with stocks and bonds valued at \$10,000.

"I suppose you feel like cursing Uncle Jephthah," insinuated this precious young schemer and spendthrift. Ronald was pale; disappointment and chagrin showed in his frank, sensitive face. It hardened as he fixed his clear accusing eyes upon his sneering relative.

"No," he replied steadily. "If I was of the cursing sort you might come in for your share, for—I understand, now."

He left the lawyer's office as he spoke and a shade of anger and fear crossed the features of Telford. Ronald had to admit that he had expected a substantial legacy. He had every reason to anticipate it. It was cruel, after all his hopes and plans, and his heart sank like lead as he thought of Ruth Mason, his fiancée.

Where should he go for comfort save to her? It was his privilege, his



"That's the Real Stuff!"

right, and half an hour later he was seated by her side on the porch of the Mason home.

"It must be between you and me; all that I have to tell you, dear," he said to the pitying angel at his side. "Two years ago when Hugh and I were at college there was a character play. In it was a miserly old fellow, in dress and actions so fully a counterpart of Uncle Jephthah that many recognized it. This came to his ears, and that will was made. In reality Hugh had made the suggestion of the character to a chum, and rather gloated over 'showing up the old skinflint,' as he called his uncle. Then when the matter got public he became frightened and told uncle that I was the culprit."

"But you told me that later everything was explained to Mr. Blair," suggested Ruth.

"That is true, and uncle took me back into his good graces. He even called upon Hugh in my presence to verify his statement that he had destroyed the will made in anger. Then he died suddenly, intestate. Now this will appears. By some trickery I am convinced Hugh preserved it."

"But the law," began Ruth.

"I shall not appeal to it. Let Hugh go his selfish, cowardly way. As long as I have you what does the rest matter? We can wait a little while longer, can't we, dear?"

Ruth lifted her sweet, bonny face to his, ineffable tenderness and fidelity in its beautiful depths.

Ronald preserved the penny left to him. Most fellows would have cast it away with an anathema. Ronald knew his old uncle meant to do him justice. It was a rare old Scotch coin. He had the jeweler make a hole

in it and suspended it from his watch chain.

The Blair Plat left to his cousin was a valuable property. Just before the death of Mr. Blair a deposit of a rare and valuable clay used in stereotyping and for electrical purposes had been discovered. It was known as ozocerite, found elsewhere only in Austria and Utah. If things turned out as they promised, Hugh would some day become a wealthy man.

Adjoining the plat was a twenty-acre patch of sterile land which had been left to Ronald by his mother. It was of so little value that he made no attempt to have it cultivated, but secured a position as an accountant in a near city.

There reached him the first week the disquieting intelligence that Hugh was hanging around the Mason home a good deal. Then he received a letter from Ruth. It read: "Be patient for a year. I am going away and you must not write to me." There was no further word, and Ronald felt that everything he valued was fading away from him.

His business went well. The penny seemed to bring him good luck. In a street melee the bullets severely wounded two innocent bystanders, but one striking the penny glinted off and left him unscathed. Then the penny was observed by a loyal old Scotchman, leading to a friendship and a large amount of business.

It was just a year later when Ronald paid a visit to his home town. He learned that the wonderful ozocerite vein had run out. Hugh had pretty nearly dissipated all his ready money. He boasted, however, that he was engaged to Ruth and Ronald believed this after her inexplicable silence.

In later years he never forgot a sad and moody ramble ending at the barren twenty-acre lot. In going over it he stumbled, his watch chain caught on a bush, and the penny snapped loose and disappeared down a great open crack in the ground.

Ronald had no thought of losing a token which he sincerely treasured. He saw a man digging on an adjoining farm, went over to him and bargained for a careful excavation in quest of the lost memento.

It took some delicacy of treatment to manipulate the dry, crumbling dirt. At a depth of four feet, the bottom of the crack, the penny was produced.

"Hello!" suddenly exclaimed the workman as he scraped off his spade—"say, if this should be the real vein!"

"The what?" questioned Ronald vaguely.

"The vein of ozocerite. Look here—that's the real stuff," and he took up a handful of the scrapings from the spade.

It was "the real stuff," that was proven within the ensuing two days. All the town was on fire over the rare good luck the old penny had brought to Ronald, for the real ozocerite vein had been tapped.

Ronald was standing on the land that promised so much in the yellow dusk of the fading day a few evenings later, when a familiar figure came up over the rise in the landscape.

His heart stood still as she approached. Then a bitter thought came into his mind—Ruth had heard of his good fortune.

"The year is over," she said brightly as she approached him. "Did they never tell you? It was Hugh Telford who laid his fortune at my feet, and my foolish father encouraged his suit. Finally it was agreed that I should take a year to decide, away from both of you. As if a year or a thousand could make me forget—you?"

And she lifted the old penny from the hand of her lover, the lucky penny of old Jephthah Blair, and kissed it.

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## Standardizing the Longitude.

Heretofore England and the United States have been the only leading countries reckoning from Greenwich. Germany adopted the meridian of Berlin, France that of Paris, and so on. However, in 1911, a congress of the makers of nautical almanacs of the different nations was held at Paris, at which it was decided that the places of sun, moon and planets will in future be published in terms of Greenwich time by all prominent national ephemerides. It is probable that this action will have the effect of causing all chart, map and atlas makers to also adopt the Greenwich meridian.—Christian Herald.

## Had Two Points of Beauty.

Tasmania's pretty girls of European lineage have never been tempted to follow the fashion of the native Tasmanian women, who had all their hair removed with a flint and went bald. The last pure blooded Tasmanian woman died in 1876, aged seventy-six; the last man in 1876, aged thirty-four. A traveler says that the native had two fine points—eyes and teeth. The eyes were prominent and often of great beauty and brilliancy, and a dentist of wide experience knew of no teeth equal to the Tasmanian's for strength, size and enamel. But the nose was bridgeless, the chin "ran off" and the upper jaw protruded.

# AFRO-AMERICAN CULLINGS

Go where you please in the south and you will see the negro engaged in all branches of business and industry. In this city, where he handles thousands of dollars and easy work, the negro is a business non-entity, with but a few exceptions. The only business in this city in which the negro is engaged and in which he is a success is the drug and saloon business. There are a few dining rooms where the negro is also a success. The Bee has been the only successful newspaper that has been able to exist among the negroes. There have been all kinds of newspapers and editors in this city, from a weekly to a monthly, but they have failed. There are over 90,000 colored people in this city, three-tenths of whom never read a newspaper, and those who do read seem to cater to the people that abuse them.

The southern negro is a thrifty and successful individual. He knows how to run a bank and do other things that make him a commercial success. In this city the negro should be an independent commercial factor. We now need a first class business school. There is now great need for young men and women who understand how to conduct a business and how to keep books.

We need good typewriters and stenographers. These are not thoroughly taught in our schools. Our business high school is not what it should be. Everybody cannot teach, hence a business education should be taught our children. We favor the trade school, because they will prepare our boys and girls for future usefulness.

The young negro in the south is fast surpassing the northern negro. The northern negro is too proud to work. He doesn't want to soil his hands or make them hard.

We need more trade schools south. Higher education is a great factor, but trade schools will be a greater factor to the negro.—The Washington Bee.

How many young men in your community can you depend upon to take the places of the men who are managing the affairs of the church and the school and the state when these older men have passed away? The nation must have men of character and ability to rule in its affairs. Can we point to the boys and young men about us and say they will meet the requirements?—The Torchlight.

Let us hope so any how, in spite of the mass of evidence that seems to point the other way. Many years ago there were a half dozen or more boys in every community when people would point to with the prediction that they would make their mark in life. And these youngsters would constantly talk about what they were going to do—they worked to that end. Their zeal seemed to be in inverse proportion to their opportunities. Young men of today discuss parties, receptions, base ball, foot ball, peg-legs, swell times, etc. However, it may be that the coming men who will meet every test and lead the advance in any and all directions are now in obscurity—making hay and laying it up against the day when they will receive the summons. Progress of all the past has been conditioned upon this fact: Whenever an emergency has arisen, calling for a man, destiny has sent him forth fully equipped and prepared.—Old Hickory.

## COLORED MEN IN ASSOCIATION.

Colored business men met at the Baker hotel, 3312 Wabash avenue, to organize a permanent business association. More than 100 merchants, representing many businesses and professions, attended the meeting. The object of the association will be to encourage a closer relation among the colored people and to give employment to the more intelligent and thrifty members of the race.

Among those who delivered addresses at a banquet which followed the meeting were M. T. Bailey, manager of the Milton Mercantile agency; Jesse Binga, banker and real estate dealer; Col. John R. Marshall of the Eighth regiment, I. N. G., and R. R. Jackson of the Fraternal Printing company.—Chicago Daily News.

A Philadelphia janitor has invented a tool consisting of a rubber suction cup on the end of a rod for removing and replacing electric light bulbs.

Offend a friend and you have an enemy, made by your greatest enemy, an unruly tongue.

If the things out of which the comforts of life are created were properly improved, they would add much to the scope of human happiness. But, unfortunately, many noble opportunities are neglected or, purposely, ignored which, if rightly appreciated, would smooth our rugged paths. We often fall by the wayside from lack of strength to stand, yet in many instances the weaknesses which possess us are of our own volition and not forced unbidden upon us. There are occasions upon which many enterprises of vast importance could be launched in the interest of race up-building could we see the necessity of grasping the opportunities, but we dally with chance and allow to slip privileges which, if utilized, would redound to credit and honor. Wisdom, in its development, begets strength; but it serves no purpose if it fails to take advantage and use its gifts for the public weal. Loyalty to self and those with whom we are identified prompts us to the proper nurture of our sacred trust; but should we hesitate to act in obedience to the urgent dictates of conscience our efforts will bring nothing to pass. Talk stimulates thought, which foreruns action, but it is barren of results unless some definite step is taken. It is impossible to legislate desires into the hearts of men, though laws may enforce activity. But individual sentiments must be controlled by a voluntary adherence to the causes which affect our welfare. The various avenues through which we journey to attain our aim in life are free to every choice, but that success which rewards honest and earnest endeavors must be achieved by earnest toil. Experience teaches practical lessons on all lines if we only heed the instruction, but nothing noteworthy can be accomplished if to its appeal deaf ears are turned. No individual or race that refuses to become adjusted to environments and cultivate that which is freely given can ever hope to receive respectful consideration from those among whom they dwell. In our peculiar situation we suffer, not so much from what is withheld as from what we refuse to accept. The meshes in which our footsteps are entangled are the creations of indifference to those noble acts of others after which our own must be fashioned if we, as a race, would reach the goal and establish a lasting foundation. The talents which Jehovah grants he intends them to be used to the best advantage in order to benefit mankind and promote the progress of the world. There are fruitful fields for harvest, and abundant returns may be garnered there would the reapers exert their energy in fostering the growth of the vineyard. Those races that blindly walked in utter disregard as to what might have been performed in development were ruthlessly pushed from the stage of action and are relics of tender memory. The happenings of the past may become future repetition to present and unborn generations; therefore it becomes the duty of every one to labor to a faithful end. Negro genius should originate negro's aid, else his claim to recognition in material affairs will receive no response, because in it there can be no reasonable appeal to justice. Let the negro remember that an end to be attained must have a beginning, and although success may not always crown his efforts yet a manly undertaking is required at his hands.—Atlanta Phalanx.

## CARAMEL CAKE.

To make a caramel cake which will be found delicious, take half cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, the yolks of three eggs, half cupful of milk, one and three-quarters cupfuls of flour, two and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, the whites of two eggs beaten stiff, three-quarters cupful of walnut meat broken in pieces. Mix the ingredients in the order given. Bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven. Cover with caramel frosting, which is made as follows: Boil together one and one-fourth cupfuls of brown sugar, one-third cupful of water and one-fourth cupful of white sugar until it strings. Pour this gradually, while beating constantly, on the beaten whites of two eggs, and continue beating until mixture is nearly cool. Set the pan containing the mixture in a pan of boiling water and cook over the range, stirring continually until it becomes granular around the edge of the pan. Remove from the pan of hot water and beat until the mixture will hold its shape. Add one-fourth cupful of English walnut meats, broken in pieces.



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